

SCRIBBLINGS₂

W39

NOTES ON THE DILEMMA OF EXISTENCE

6 MAY .. 3 SEPTEMBER 1993

also see Mathematics Notebook #1



33-342 11x8½ 150 Sheets 3 Dividers College Ruled

\$2.89

M 3137

As I locked the gate and drove my 1984 Jetta with 80,000 miles on it up the long driveway of Central Supply, I was filled with gratitude and, dare I even say it, calm happiness.

I realized several things as I carried \$100.00 worth of groceries into the Tark House kitchen.

I reflected upon May 1987 when I carried a bundle of bananas into the abandoned Gray house on the corner of rt 33 and the old Freehold Circle. I was 20 years old with no "place" in the community but as a derelict.

Now I have shelter in a beautiful old house secluded and surrounded by woods and miles of fields. I have a job in the same location (the house goes with the job; to lose the job is to lose the shelter). I hardly ever need to drive the car.

I am given just enough to pay for rent/utilities, buy plenty of groceries, insure and maintain a personal vehicle, and purchase inexpensive entertainment.

I have been blessed with the companionship of a beautiful young Sherry Rowles, and I have never been more content.

I am able to study Mathematics and Schopenhauerian Philosophy, but I do so

only for the pleasure of recording this information in personal notebooks so as to gradually become fluent in the language of higher mathematics and the doctrine of the philosophy I am most interested in: schopenhauerian pessimism.

This shelter is my own little "abandoned house", except that it has utilities and that I am obliged to work 40 hours at the park.

I don't have to worry about supporting children for awhile as Sherry is determined to wait another few years before settling down. I may be burdened by the financial expenses of having Sherry move in with me, but I hope she works and helps out with the cost of groceries.

If I keep the job with the park and continue to live in the Park House, I am confident I will exist with a minimal amount of burdens and worries.

If I can wait another two years before marrying Sherry, I will most probably have recorded a great amount of notes on Mathematics and Philosophy by 1996.



6 JULY 1993

ΣΠΠΙ ΥΣΤΕ

67

7:40 AM

M3177
A quick note before walking over to the shop:
I am experiencing reflections upon my
relationship with Sherry. In September,
I think it may be wise for us to
gradually detach without losing our
bond. If Sherry lives with me
throughout the school year, I may feel
trapped; but if she lives at
home, she may become physically
exhausted going back and forth
from Maker Road and the Park
House.

We are noticing a change in our
sexual relationship. We engage in
sexual activity less than we did
when we did not live together.

Little tensions and moods prevent us
from fully enjoying sex when we do have
it.

Although I am experiencing some healthy
doubts about our relationship, I
certainly do not want to risk losing
Sherry as a female partner.

We are not ready for marriage,
and I think this summer
is a healthy experiment. We have
gotten closer, and I have a better
perspective on living together. It all
seems to have happened so quickly.
Now I am off to work at 7:50 AM.

7/18/93

X

81

6PM

M3193
Here's a meditation on daily existence for the old diary. Somehow I have grown to resent my supervisor Jim Noe.

I used to resent Anthony Simone. I used to resent Chris Kopp at Auto Spa.

I used to resent Mr. Tidwell and the fat Jackass at Shell on the Turnpike.

I used to resent George Carter and the Munchinis at Rain Tree. I used to resent Ed Henderson.

Even though I have been a hard worker at all of these places, I have mostly despised or resented the boss.

So I do not think it was really Jim that irritated me today over the phone, but that he acted as though I were an idiot, when in reality - without me, he would have been fired by now for incompetence!

So I will escape into the realm of Trigonometry and Analytic Geometry, and forget about the hostility lurking inside my skin.

X

18
7/18/93

X

8/5 PM

M₃₁₉₄

To put it plainly, human nature has a lot to be desired. From first hand experience, I can tell you we are miserable creatures!

Happiness is a myth.

Our desires are unsatiable, and we find a million things to worry about; mental pain abounds.

We are tormented inside our own skins by our fears, worries, and our general ill will towards obstacles.

I thought I was a likable person who got along with most people; but this has all been an act so as to get on in society with minimal confrontation. In reality I despise and fear my fellow man.

In the end, I can only hope that everyone else is as close to the edge as I am; so I can stare them in the eye and let them recognize my recognition of their inner confusion and existential despair.

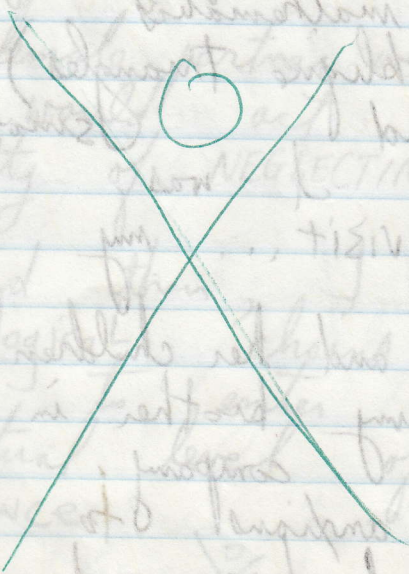
So good for the soul to be
enlightened by spontaneous
psychoanalysis!

To see our pain in a more
universal, less personal, light is to view
life more wisely. For to be sure,
we are not so different from all who
came before us. To be kind, let's face
it, is to be polite and civilized towards
those we despise.

And although this is good, to be polite,
we do not have to deprive
ourselves of our guttural feelings...

this is the teaching my blood whispers
to me.

Be still and rest in chaos and confusion.



3 AUGUST 1993

NOON

My mood fluctuates between rage and contentment, between peace of mind and despair.

I feel left carrying the burden of lakes at MBSP.

The seasonals are my only help, and most of my anger is unleashed on them.

I look forward to the autumn season so that I can confront the real sources of my disturbances.

I want Jimmy to do my PAR or else I am going to make some noise.

In October (the first week of) I will take a 10 day vacation to do nothing but fart around and do math and philosophy.

Now I will return to work and carry out plans to move lumber into the barn. I may do some math before viewing the movies with Sherry.

29
SPPI T2U9UA 2
4 AUGUST 1993

5 PM

M
3203

In the spirit of Dostoevsky's Notes from Underground, I wish to become more morbidly honest in my notes.

I detest most of the people I come in contact with these days, why does not matter?

I have judged my 2 superiors here at the park as people getting over, insulting my intelligence by expecting I respect their authority.

I am quick to become angry with my female partner. I will now drive to the video store to return movies that were a waste of time to view. Then I will stop by the foodstore to purchase some groceries (not many).

I would love to be able to verbalize the confusion of emotions I experience throughout the day.

7:30 PM

4/3204 With a long awaited peace and calm, I breathe in the fragrance of wind - the coming of rainfall. I also breathe in the fragrance of coffee percolating downstairs, and I look forward to drinking both the coffee and the unexpected hours of solitude.

Sweet Solitude, have I yet realized the calming effect of solitude?

My female partner - she went to visit her mother for the evening, probably to have dinner. I was not invited, but then again, I do not want to go. I may be hiding even from myself the fact that I don't particularly like having an extended family, more society shoved down my throat merely because I now sleep with a female member of our species. I am pleased that Sherry and I are so attached, so comforted by each other's presence, but how I do love the taste of solitude.

I may even have forgotten the power in letting my spirit fly free in solitude!

79
I am a slave, a captured creature
in the web of a social order.

I am held captive by biological impulses:
impulses to secure food, shelter,
clothing - all provided for by my
employment to with the New Jersey State
Park Service, namely Monmouth
Battlefield State Park.

I am almost to the point of
giving up, throwing my integrity and
character away, and
going through the motions like
everyone else. I am
fighting an inner battle with myself.

Am I the only presence of
mind that CARES?

Is there a conspiracy?

How do I fight these enemies that
are tormenting me by controlling
me from afar?

One thing is certain: I do have
moments of deep contentment while
contemplating in solitude out here
in this big old house
surrounded by a radius of trees
and fields. It seems worth being
held captive.

In reality, my captors are biological and metaphysical I all at once. My biological impulses chain me to the social order. My flesh, blood, bones, and brain are chained to the only place in society (besides prison and the house of my parents) that has afforded me food/shelter/clothing = survival.

Until I am prepared to let my body starve, I will stay here in the comfort of my captivation in the Penal Colony of Existence.

Now that I have refreshed my memory of the great comfort of having Sherry lay beside me each evening, would I be able to endure moments of despair in solitude?

I know I enjoy solitude when I have the opportunity to be alone, but is it not different when solitude is not by choice, but by a female depriving a man of her company?

I have managed to frighten myself. I am not sure if I want to read Schopenhauer or take notes on parabolas or both.

9:30 PM

M₃₂₀₅ At last I have finished the segment
on circles of CONIC SECTIONS.

Simultaneously, I have discovered a
theme for my writings that cracks
the egg of my confusion.

My writing theme: existential
pessimistic

am I to be irrational thing in itself
or a scientific thinker?

I am at a CROSSROADS.

science and sanity

OR

irrationality, existentialism, chaos?

insanity?

Meditations of an Existential-Pessimistic Diarist.

Example → I had rapidly taken notes on
mathematics on both my days off,
until I got stuck on
solving three linear equations with 3
unknowns. During the work week I
discovered the algebraic methods
needed, but I was detained by

work, worries, toil, movies with Sherry, etc.
 Now Sherry is at her mother's and I have
 mastered the algebraic method for solving
 three linear equations with 3 unknowns.

There is even a formula in my
 scientific calculator to check the
 answers I come up with for the unknowns.

Although I am studying mathematics,
 reviewing what I had been taught
 in high school, so as to better
 understand Alfred Korzybski's "science" and
 general semantics, in the meantime,
 my daily mood swings are pushing
 my consciousness into the
 CHAOS of reality.

While I believe I want to become
 a scientific thinker, I may be investigating
 rational-scientific thought so as to
 set off on a philosophy set off
 from science.

Although I consciously and verbally argue
 for rational thinking over
 irrational thinking, the chaotic
 nature of the thing in itself
 (the blind unconscious will to live)
 may cause me to become more
 of an existential-pessimist.

I am existence. What I would like to do is to recognize the possibility of accepting Korzybski's nonaristotelian general semantics, with mathematics (as the key to it (especially the calculus); and while accepting and developing an understanding of a general semantics, while practicing it, also recognizing the chaotic and UNCONSCIOUS blind thing in itself as my deepest identity and truly beyond cognition.

~~It is~~

If it be cognizable, then let us use scientific cognition.

If it be beyond cognition, then let us contemplate ourselves as existence, as the thing in itself.

Just because existentialism challenges rational and scientific thinking does not mean it accepts all myths.

Let us be clear: Existential,
Pessimistic,
Atheistic,
Diarist

Let us rename our diary-notebooks.
 From Reverie: Meditations on Daily Existence,
 let us now call them:

MEDITATIONS OF AN EXISTENTIAL, ATHEISTIC,
 PESSIMISTIC, AND (SOMETIMES) SCIENTIFIC DIARIST

Meditations of an Existential, Atheistic,
 pessimistic, and Sometimes Scientific Diarist.

The phone rang several times.
 When I finally picked it up,
 the person on the other line
 hung up. It was Sherry?

Why she did not call back, I
 presume is because she wanted me
 to (*69) call her back.

I did not.
 why?

I am deep in a turning point
 meditation.

5 AUGUST 19931 AM

3206 Do I realize what I am doing by leaving the gate locked tonight? Sherry knows the code to get in, but it is difficult to get the numbers right in the dark; and even when the numbers are correct, Sherry has trouble getting the lock off the chain - it gets jammed.

So what I am doing, quite consciously, is making it difficult for her to get in tonight. She will not just glide up the road tonight. She will fight with the gate.

She has just returned. How will I respond? I will not become over emotional. I will just be existence, that is, I surrender to the chaos, but I make use of a calm presence of mind to keep myself from being trapped into an over emotional argument.

M₃₂₀₇

2 AUGUST 1993

11 PM

About last night: Sherry and I were awake until 4 AM. First we argued, then we were crying. She feels she is too young and inexperienced for me. She fears I would be better off with a woman older than herself.

We resurrected our passion in an intimate sexual experience. We bathed in our bonding.

About tonight: I went to Great Adventure with Joey. The lines were long. Although I paid nothing to get in — a savings of at least \$20.00, I did spend \$25.00 on a locker, icecream sundae, and basketball free shots. I won a basketball and a stuffed ball with a total retail value of at least \$25.00. I lost nothing by going, and I gained the insight that I have had enough of Six Flags for 1993.

6 AUGUST 199311 PM

M3208 I slept until about 11 AM this morning. When I finally got out of bed, I ~~per~~ ate scrambled eggs and bacon on a hard Kaiser roll.

I then read some of book four of the first volume of Schopenhauer's World as Will and Representation. From noon to 1:30 PM I lay on the sofa while Sherry rubbed my back watching her soaps on the television.

By 3 PM I had decided to withdraw \$100.⁰⁰ from the bank and drive to Pep Boys in Howell for (1) oxygen sensor (2) fuel filter (3) oil filter (4) oil (5) oil treatment (6) fuel injector treatment.

While Sherry was at the mall with her mother, I changed the oil, oil filter, and fuel filter in the shop. When Sherry got home, we went to the mall to exchange her CD for a Howard Jones CD which I payed her for. We went to the grocery store, then returned to the house. We ate hot dogs and beans for dinner, I put on more coffee, and then proceeded to change the oxygen sensor. I never would have found it without Jim Noe's experienced eye.

The Jetta starts smoothly now, and I am confident it will pass the NJ inspection.

* The 1984 VW lasted beyond 2000.
It got me through Rutgers, State University NJ
I only took it off the road in 2003 (in March after Bush League bombed Iraq)

to protest \$\$\$\$

The last time I changed the oil in the Jetta was back in February. In this past 6 months, I only drove 2,000 miles.

Before moving in the Tark House, I was driving 6,000 miles in 6 months... from 1,000 miles per month to about 333 miles per month. I drive only $\frac{1}{3}$ the distance before living on the premises of Central Supply.

While working on my automobile, I enjoyed the coffee, the tobacco, the convenience of the shop, the convenience of a garage; I appreciated my little tool box and the warmth of my dry quarters.

I am more at ease now that I gave the Jetta some attention. If I have to replace the clutch, I will cash savings bonds and have Gunther Weber do the job for \$400.00.

I can justify this for the Jetta. It has lasted two years with little maintenance. I am confident I will be driving this VOLKSWAGEN in the year 2000. Will I live to be 33 years old? Will I then purchase a different vehicle?

Next Friday I want to take the Jetta through inspection, and if I pass I will be trying to breathe calmly again. The summer is almost over, and I want to get back to calmness and deep breaths.

When I get frustrated with the seasonals I want to realize that in a very short time they will be leaving, and I may miss the help; so I will try to appreciate their presence rather than curse them.

As for Sherry's presence during the day, I will miss her; but I will be relieved not to be a constant figure of authority to her. When she returns to school, our relationship will be relieved of some tension.

Sherry is ill these days with her "period" and some bronchial disturbance. Our attachment is strong, and her beauty is becoming apparent to me in a powerful way. I take notice of her attractive figure, her full (body) of hair, her "wanting to be loved" vulnerability.

I am in a compassionate, forgiving mood. Could the Howard Jones disc have a calming effect on me - as opposed to the RAGE AGAINST THE MACHINE?

My term of martyrdom can end, and I can become more compassionate and less hateful. To understand is to forgive. To develop a firm and kindness is to perceive the inner creature within the human beings walking around in various roles in society.

May my gaze pierce through the masks into the unconscious psyches of my fellow man. May I somehow transcend the mundane and the petty. May I walk in a manner that radiates an awareness of the deeper levels of existence.

To alter the reality within is to alter reality itself. To develop calm thoughts and contemplate upon greater truths is to transcend the petty despair of egoism.

I believe it is possible to erase the diseased perceptions, to peel away the layers of disturbance so as to allow a clear, unclouded perception of ~~the~~ "existence" (to buzz).

I am awaiting this rebirth and I believe this is possible: to experience existence as being existence itself; and to develop "holiness" ~~do~~ even while disturbed by daily hassles.

9 AUGUST 19937 45 PM

M3212

I don't feel very well, but I am quite relaxed as I have decided to take a sick day for my health, physical and mental. I worked today, of course, but tomorrow I will not report to work. I may even want to take two sick days, as my nervous system would benefit from the absence of stress caused by the daily situation at Monmouth.

How could Tom Sandle criticize our letting seasonals drive Toros, when he is equipped with three permits to each of ours. 6:2.

I want to go UNDERGROUND like Dostoevsky in Notes from Underground.

One wonderful aspect about working unsupervised is that I am an outspoken free thinker with no restraints. Although Moses is annoying, his presence allows me a bit more intellectual freedom. Sad to say, but without this Jew at the table in our spontaneous pow wows I would be surrounded by heads with no common ground with my own.

(211)

8 PM

M3212

The past few days I have been depressed, but when I decided to take tomorrow as a sick day, my burdens became lighter.

Why is this?

Is it wrong to want a simple life? Just because I study the Calculus does not mean I wish to be an engineer for AT and T!

What do I want to do?

I want to write and read and contemplate the metaphysical nature behind reality.

I want to fort around in a house, hiding from the faces of others.

A young woman has followed me into my "underground", and we have grown attached. Does she understand my isolation? Most women would not accept it, but I do not care. I refuse to "murder my identity".

Sherry, although she fears my isolation, may be one who is able to accept it.

Work seems so unreal. I can sense how depressed and disgusted the crew is. I can sense the consciousness of our situation spread like a disease. I do not receive the phony respect, but I get a small amount of actual respect.

I enjoy the help, but I much rather work alone, covering my own ass, not worrying about the psychical consequences of each daily event.

Although I am disturbed by daily existence at work, if anyone has deserved a degree of recognition for "holding the place together with minimal authority" it is I. Jeff Sedor and Moses Sakowitz are sure to relay information to their fathers that will ~~sheet~~ cast a dark cloud over the reputations of Jim Noe and Chuck Sany. In this respect, I have nothing to worry about.

I will ofcourse, have to deal with Chuck and Jimmy over the winter; but by then I will once again see the benefits of having such lax supervision. I will experience the peace of being lost in the system.

If I can cease my worrying about my responsibility for Sherry's well being, I can see what a perfect set-up I am in for the winter.

Sherry will go to school. I will tutor her and her brother and even my nephew. Sherry may work a part time job. Sherry is sure to become depressed.

I am not capable of saving her from life's hassles.

As long as we do not marry, my life can remain quite 'simple' in the winter months.

We will see if her medical and mental health bills do not make marriage financially dangerous for me.

I can live with myself as long as I do not promise Sherry I will provide for her. If I am able to, and I want to, I will. If I am unable, or if I do not want to, how can I?

We are never really alone. We come into this world through the womb and are nurtured by mommy and daddy. We may wander into corners and hide in our special places, but we know where dinner is coming from.

If I love Sherry, I "should" want to take care of her, provide for her needs; but it is not a matter of whether I want to or not. I am not capable on my salary to provide for her; therefore I may not be a suitable husband.

When I met her, I was prepared to be her forever man, her soulmate. Even now we both take it for granted that we will be married one day to each other.

Does Sherry realize what a nightmare life is? Why must it all be planned? Why not just see what happens?

At times, I wish I would just drop dead. Why would death be welcomed?
 (1) work (2) food (3) never enough time to write, read, relax (4) always things have to be tended to, including my appetite.

If I were dead, I would have no more appetite, no more coffee and cigarettes for me. I am out of here.

What use is the calculus in the nothing?

Who is to say that we escape suffering when our individuality ceases to exist?

This is a paradox that has created religions and philosophies since the question of consciousness of death.

Am I the thing in itself? Am I existence itself? How does EXISTENCE ITSELF ESCAPE ITS BEING?

There is no way out.

No thing arises or passes away. We change form, but our suffering and our existence are one formless THING IN ITSELF.

How can this be?

How does one accept this without losing all care for the phenomenon he finds himself in?

If Sherry lives with her mother, she will be back ^{most} ~~every~~ nights; and the nights she is away we will PANIC.

I have books to turn to,
I have inside my brain to turn
to. Who is to say what is
"healthy or not"!

AUTHENTICITY ABOVE HAPPINESS!

I am a mule pulling a cart.
I am given lodgings and enough
money for food and clothing
for my own body alone.

I am not provided with enough money
to support a wife and children.

My female partner would have to work.

There is no escape from a hungry
infant with gas pains and shit in
its crotch.

How VALUABLE is peace of mind to me?

Must a human being also be motivated
solely by biological impulses towards

self preservation and procreation, or is
it possible to see through the
complex chains that bind us to our
desires and fears, that motivate
us to continue the endless cycle.

WHO CAN/WILL BREAK THE CYCLE?

10 30 PM

Amazing how in the midst of this large old house in the middle of only woods and fields, there is a little room upstairs where I keep my notes that affords me peace, comfort, and dialogue.

I played Joey in one on one basketball. The game was by 2's up to 70 points. I won 70 to 64 ... we were sweating and tired. If I would have let my guard down for five seconds, he would have beaten me; but I didn't let my guard down at all.

I took his \$5.00 (the bet) and we went to Friendly's for ice cream sundaes. My body feels good from the exercise.

I spoke to Tami and Joe about Sherry moving back with her folks when she returns to Brookdale.

The simple fact is: we are not married, and therefore this is the most natural process. We lived together all summer, and now the summer is ending.

Why all the fuss about Quiggin? Sherry is moving back to her parents' house, this doesn't mean I am becoming

a monk.

Well, I sense my hermitage will enter a new phase. I will isolate. To deal with the fears of any relationship with Sherry ending, I have this quest for sainthood as a safety net.

I don't know whether to study calculus or read some Schopenhauer.

I want to give the calculus a break, but how often do I have an evening to "calculate"?

Oh, the pain is real. Although I believe Schopenhauer's philosophy, I can't help but suspect the presence of Sherry beside me at night is a comfort that is very powerful.

Sherry ... on the one hand ... comfort and warmth ... soft lips and tender caresses.

Schopenhauer ... on the other hand ... cold resignation, renunciation of the sex impulse ... denial of the will to live ... detaching from life ... withdrawing from pleasure ... facing the horror of existence with an all too sober presence of mind.

11 30 PM

M3222

What do I want from my self? I want honesty! I want an honest inner dialogue ... no self deception!

I have not taken any notes on mathematics tonight, nor have I read Schopenhauer. I have been reading my notes from books 29 and 30 of Meditations of a Hermit (from June, July 1992).

The truth is, no matter how paradoxal and contradictory it is, that at the same time I was repeating to myself to live by Schopenhauer's philosophy. I was pining to be with Sherry.

Curse this life, for it is the nature of life itself that I blame for my twisted state of mind!

While intellectually trying to overcome existence, I am still susceptible to the urgent desire to find comfort in Sherry's embrace.

When we first got together, I was in pain when not with her.

Now I talk like I could just resign myself to exist as a hermit, never to see her again. This is absurd. I am the thing in itself!

481
How did I get myself so screwed up
in the head?

I miss Sherry this very moment, and
I am comforted by the thought
of her returning this evening.

Imagining the discomfort when she is
at home studying, or out with
her friends to return only to
her parents, or worse I still
should our commitment to each
other end, in the arms of another
man!

She would find comfort while I
was wrestling with Schopenhauers
philosophy. Oh, the dilemma of
existence!

It is the will and all its strivings
that cause me grief.

How is true peace possible while
one still hopes for security?

And here is honesty: the only way
I could deal with losing
Sherry is to allow my soul
to become cold, to resign
myself to the horror of existence,
and to seek peace in my
knowledge of the true nature of existence.

25 AUGUST 199311 30 PM

M 3230 Today while cutting "overgrown" fields with a 15 foot batwing mower attached to a Ford 515 Tractor, the pin connecting the two broke. While working to fix it, Jason Nesson sarcastically remarked that "everything (equipment) is fucked up here."

For some reason I saw red and went into a rage. I screamed at the top of my lungs at Jason, "It's not the fucking equipment! The fucking holes in the ground fucked up the pin! The fucking batwing and tractor are fine!"

— (don't fucking scream at me ya big fucking baby!)
"Fuck you!"

Moments afterward I was apologizing, as I saw what an idiot I was. How the heat and a little obstacle mixed with a wise ass attitude can effect me that way causes me to take a closer look at this RAGE INSIDE.

9/2/93,

2 SEPTEMBER 1993

7PM

M3238

I have been in a foul mood all day, passed the point of even being concerned about how others will "see me". I become withdrawn into myself, brooding, sulking, experiencing the liberating sensations of joyous grief.

Joy spent the night over here playing Monopoly or Mega Genesis until 6AM;

by 11AM I was up and about drinking coffee, smoking.

I was experiencing an ear ache, but at 2AM I went out with Shazzy and Joe to Colleen's father's pool with Craig and Colleen.

Again, I was brooding 90% of the time. I felt free to brood.

The joy of grief !!!